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SKETCHES & PROBLEMS

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No. 142.

TELL ME.

BY TOM O. TROT.

You sat by my side as we sung in the choir,
And I looked in your eyes of blue;
You lit in heart a bright flame of love—
Is that what you meant to do?
You walked with me, coming home that night;
You laughed as I whispered low;
You stole my heart from my keeping then—
Is that what you meant to do?
You pressed my hand, as we parted at last,
And thrilled me through and through;
You made my heart leap again for joy—
Is that what you meant to do?
You gave me a kiss—I remember it still—
'Twas sweet as the morning dew;
You made me think of naught else but you—
Is that what you meant to do?
Perhaps in the noise that is coming fast
I shall find as steed you are true,
And then as the years still brightly along,
I shall know what you mean to do!

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND
KIT," "RED MAZERIN," "ACE OF SPADES,"
"HEART OF FIRE," "BITCHES OF
NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

BITTER BLOOD.

With a grip of iron Paxton held the now sober carpenter over the dark waters that rolled so unceasingly beneath the bridge.

Hollis grasped the parapet of the bridge with his hands and attempted to pull himself up, but with a single twist of his muscular wrist, Paxton swung him off into empty space again, and held him there as though he were but an infant. Hollis for the first time realized how great a task he had taken upon himself when he had made up his mind to thrash Sinclair Paxton.

"I've half a mind to let you drop," Sinclair repeated, a frown contracting his brows.

"Drop me and be hanged!" growled Hollis, savagely. "I ain't a-going to cry quits yet."

"Are you not satisfied?" demanded Paxton.

"I'll be even with you yet!" cried the carpenter, in defiance.

"You have brought this upon yourself. I wished to avoid a quarrel with you but you would have it, and now I'd let go and drop you into the stream, but that I am not certain as to what is underneath. If I was sure that it was water and not a ledge of rocks, down you should go, for I think that a cold bath would do you good, and perhaps chill your angry passions a little."

"I don't care whether you drop me or not!" growled the carpenter, sullenly.

"No, I do not seek your life, nor do I care to have you lay a broken limb at my door; so just give me your promise that the affair shall end here, and I will land you on the bridge again," Paxton said, calmly.

"I'll see you in blazes first!" cried Hollis, in anger. "Do what you like, but blood can only end this thing between us now!"

"You idiot!" cried Paxton, suddenly, for the first time betraying traces of anger, and with a swing of his powerful arm he landed Hollis on the bridge, then threw him from him, releasing his grip on his collar.

The carpenter reeled and fell heavily onto the floor of the bridge.

Paxton clenched his fists together, and with an angry frown upon his face waited for Hollis to rise.

Slowly, the carpenter rose to his feet, but he evinced no disposition to advance to the attack. He seemed like one dazed by a sudden shock. With an expression of astonishment upon his face, he felt of his neck where a lump had arisen, the mark of Sinclair Paxton's white knuckles.

"Come, I am waiting," Paxton said, impatiently.

Hollis did not reply, but stooped and picked up his coat and proceeded to put it on.

Paxton's lip curled in scorn, and a glint of fire came from his eyes.

"You are satisfied, then?" he asked.

"For the present, yes," Hollis replied, sullenly; "but a time will come when I'll get even with you for this night's work." And with this threat, darkly delivered, Hollis strode away.

Paxton watched him until he disappeared in the darkness beyond the bridge; a look of utter contempt was upon the face of the victor.

"A bully, and as usual, a coward," he said, quietly. "I must be on my guard against him, though. He means mischief. He will not be apt to measure open strength with me again; now I must look out for low cunning."

With a confident smile upon his hand, some face he walked slowly on.

As he left the bridge and came into the gloomy shade of the buildings beyond, he cast a quick and earnest glance around him. He fully expected to see Hollis' form lurking in some dark corner, but he was disappointed; the carpenter had disappeared.

Paxton proceeded directly up the hill and through the village to his home, which was a stately, old-fashioned white house situated on the main street of Saco. For a hundred years or more the Paxtons had lived there; few New England families could trace further back than they.



"I've half a mind to let you drop," Sinclair said, a frown contracting his brows.

In his room, which fronted on the street, Paxton removed his coat, lit a cigar, and sat down by the window.

As he gazed out upon the moonlit street, the cool night breeze, fresh from old ocean and laden with the balm of the sea-weed and the salt spray, sighed and sung with a low and mournful cadence through the leafy branches of the giant elms which adorned the roadside. One face alone appeared before him; forgotten now was the assault upon the bridge; he thought only of the dainty maiden, the mill-girl, Lydia Grane.

Strange was the power which her fascinations exercised over the heart of Sinclair Paxton; yet no boy was he, but a man well tried in life's fiery furnace; one who had loved and lost. Was it fate now that he should love and lose again?

Paxton had not noticed Hollis although he had looked for him after leaving the bridge, yet the carpenter was concealed in a dark corner just beyond the structure.

Quietly and without moving hand or foot, he watched Paxton until he disappeared in the gloom as he ascended the hill. Then, Hollis came from his hiding-place and stood in the street.

The moonlight shone down full upon him. He seemed like a man in a dream. Every now and then he would feel of the lump on his neck, and then look up the hill as though he expected to see the tall figure of Sinclair returning through the gloom.

"Oh, blazes!" he muttered, suddenly awaking from his stupor. "My neck feels as if I had been kicked by a horse. He's more than a match for me, curse him!" and the carpenter glared sullenly around him.

Then he turned and walked rapidly across the bridge. He paused in its center and looked down into the darkness underneath. The ripple and splash of the river rolling below, hastening onward to its grave, the sea, came to his ears.

"I've half a mind to jump over!" he cried, savagely. "There's forgetfulness down there. This girl has made me mad. I can almost curse the hour when I first saw

her. This blamed Paxton, too; if I could have only given him a welling, I should have felt better. He's got the training of a prize-fighter. What a fool I am!" he cried, suddenly. "I forgot that he's been a sailor; it's only natural that he should know how to use his fists."

Hollis proceeded onward again with rapid strides. As he left the bridge and ascended the little hill on the Biddeford side, a thought suddenly came to him.

"I'll go and see Lydia at once!" he cried, in his nervous, impulsive way. "I'll ask her right out plain to have me, and if she refuses—"

He paused on the word; a flood of thought rushed through his mind.

To be refused by Lydia was the heaviest blow that could befall him, and yet as he thought the matter over, he could not remember a single action of the girl which should give him hope of a favorable answer to his suit. She had always treated him kindly, yet only as a friend, nothing more.

But drowning men will clutch at straws;

few men in love who are not blinded by their passion.

"I'll do it, anyway!" he muttered, as he hastened onward. "She can but say 'no'; and if she does, why that will end the matter, and I'll forget her."

Wise resolution, yet his heart told him that he had uttered a falsehood ere the words had left his lips.

He walked rapidly onward until he reached the street where Lydia's residence was situated. As he turned the corner, his pace slackened. He could plainly hear the beating of his heart as it thumped against his ribs.

With slow and faltering steps, strange contrast to his former reckless rate of speed, he approached the little cottage which held within its humble walls the prettiest girl in all the town.

"Oh, blazes!" he muttered, suddenly awaking from his stupor. "My neck feels as if I had been kicked by a horse. He's more than a match for me, curse him!" and the carpenter glared sullenly around him.

He approached the little cottage which held within its humble walls the prettiest girl in all the town.

"Good-evening, Miss Lydia," Hollis said, doffing his hat and halting at the foot of the steps which led into the house. His voice trembled as he uttered the simple salutation and the color came and went in his cheeks; in his heart, he thanked the friendly night whose mantle of gloom concealed his agitation.

"Good-evening, Lydia," he continued, going to the door.

"Stay, Lydia!" cried Hollis, springing to his feet, his cheeks red as fire and the hot blood surging in his veins. "I must

"Good-evening," Lydia said, in her quiet, gentle way.

The thought flashed instantly through Hollis' mind that she had not asked him to come into the house, and therefore his visit was unwelcome. The anger he drew was an evil one, but still he had worked himself up into such a state of desperation that, even with the feeling that his suit would be rejected, he made bold to press it.

"Do you want a visitor this evening?" he asked, endeavoring to put the question lightly, and trying to force a smile upon his solemn face.

"I am not in a very entertaining mood to-night, I fear," Lydia replied, speaking only the simple truth.

There are none so blind as those who will not see. Again the omens were evil, but reckless, desperate, the carpenter pushed forward.

"For Miss Gramo to be unentertaining is, I am sure, an impossibility," he said, courageously; but his daring was not of the kind that, with a smile, leads the Poor Hope into the trench raked by the musket-balls; it was rather the courage of the condemned criminal advancing to the gallows. His voice trembled and his heart beat so loud that he felt sure the sound must reach her ears.

But Lydia never noticed his agitation in the least. The thoughts in her mind had small reference to Jediel Hollis, the carpenter. Daisy Brick and Sinclair Paxton—strange contrast!—were the two men most in her mind.

"I ought to thank you for the compliment," she said, absently, "but I am so dull to-night that I am sadly afraid I shall make very poor work of it."

"Has anything happened to annoy you?" Hollis asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no!" the girl answered, quickly; "you must not think that. A woman, you know, is an unreasoning creature, and is privileged to be dull sometimes without reasons."

"I'll come in and sit down for a few minutes; perhaps I can cheer you up," Hollis said, wondering, too, at his own boldness as he made the speech. But he advanced into the porch and through the entryway into the parlor; his face, though, was white and his heart beat against his ribs with a sledge-hammer thud.

He placed his hat upon the center-table and sat down in a chair close to the window. Lydia had resumed her former seat, from whence she had arisen when her eyes had caught sight of Hollis leaning upon the fence.

With an anxious gaze the carpenter looked into the face of the girl. He saw nothing there to afford him hope.

After Hollis had sat down there was an awkward pause. The desperate lover knew what he wanted to say, but knew not how to say it. Finally he broke the ice, so to term it.

"Have you been out this evening?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

Hollis was well aware of the fact when he asked the question. He had seen her upon the arm of Paxton, coming from the post-office, and it was that circumstance which had heated his rage and inspired him to lay in wait for his fortunate rival.

"It has been very warm to-day," he observed, still at a loss for words.

"Yes," she again replied.

Her answer did not aid him in the least.

Again there was a long and awkward silence; then, with desperate resolution, Hollis determined to say what he had come expressly to say.

"Miss Lydia, you and I have known each other some little time now," he said.

The girl opened her eyes in astonishment; she did not understand this strange beginning.

"I have something very particular to say to you, Lydia, and I trust that you will not be offended by my words," he continued, earnestly.

The quick ear of the girl noted the change in the tone of the speaker; she saw, too, the crimson blood mounting into his cheeks and the fiery glint of passion in his eyes. It was the first time he had ever addressed her familiarly as Lydia. She guessed now what was coming; gladly would she have stopped him in his speech, but knew not how; she was on her guard, though, and, like a skillful fencer, sought to break the attack and confuse her adversary by a brilliant "parade."

"Oh, I am sure that so good a friend"—and she laid a very strong emphasis upon the word—"as you have been to me will never say anything that can possibly offend. By the way, Mr. Hollis, are you going to the pic-nic next week? I suppose it will be a very enjoyable affair. I hope to be able to go." She never gave him time to reply, but rattled on in a strangely unusual way for her. "Can I trouble you to tell me the time?"

With nervous fingers, Hollis opened his watch.

"Just ten," he said.

"So late!" she exclaimed, in accents of surprise. "It is time for me to think of retiring—early to bed and early to rise, you know," and Lydia rose from her seat; there was something feverish, unreal in her manner. Even Hollis' passion-blinded eyes noticed it.

"I must bid you good-night," she continued, going to the door.

"Stay, Lydia!" cried Hollis, springing to his feet, his cheeks red as fire and the hot blood surging in his veins. "I must

speak a few words with you before we part to-night."

A long-drawn breath came from between the girl's red lips and then she shut them tightly together.

"Won't to-morrow do?" she said, and there was a pleading, pitiful tone to her voice, a look of anguish in her dark eyes, not unlike that which shines in the orbs of the wounded deer as he tumbles to his knees in the forest glade and hears the knell of doom in the baying of the dogs and the ringing notes of the hunter's horn behind him.

"No, no, to-night!" he cried, impetuously, advancing toward her.

Again the long-drawn breath came from between the scarlet lips, and the heart in her bosom gave a great throb of pain.

"Lydia, I love you!" he cried, passionately.

"No, no, do not say that!" she exclaimed, and extended her hands as though she feared him.

"But it is the truth!" he replied, quickly and with nervous energy. "I feel that I can not live without you. Sleeping or waking, your face is always before me. I can not tell whether you care any thing for me or not, but I care for you, and I must tell you of it. I can not keep the secret any longer. Now you know the truth, and you hold in your hands all my future life."

Earnestly and passionately he pleaded his cause. Love, that before had tied his tongue and made him dull and stupid, now gave him command of a torrent of words.

"Mr. Hollis, I will not attempt to deceive you, nor do I wish you to misunderstand me," Lydia said, her face white and a strange restraint apparent in her manner. "I will frankly confess that I guessed what you wished to say and tried to keep you from saying it; but, since you have spoken, I must answer you. A love like yours a woman should not trifle with for a single instant. You have always acted like a friend to me, and I have tried my best to-night to avoid giving you pain; but, since you compel me to speak, I can not say

anything but the truth."

"You do not love me!" cried Hollis, desperately.

"No, I do not," the girl answered, firmly. "You can not guess how much pain it gives me to speak this way, but I can not say any thing else. You have forced me to speak the truth, and it is not my fault if it is painful."

"It is your fault, though, that you have made me love you!" exclaimed Hollis, re-proachfully.

"Now, you are unjust!" the girl said, slowly, cut to the very quick; "you have no cause to say that. I have never treated you except as a friend. My lover you never have been with my knowledge."

"You might have spoken before," Hollis said, sullenly, resting his elbow on the back of a chair, and his head on his hand.

"Spoken before?" exclaimed Lydia, in amazement; "how could I? How could I tell that you cared any thing for me?"

"Why, I have been paying you attentions ever since you came to Biddeford," Hollis said, gloomily.

"You have been very kind to me, indeed," the girl answered, quickly, "and I thank you for it very much. I trust that I am fully grateful for all the little favors that you have done me."

"I don't want your gratitude; I want your love!" Hollis exclaimed.

"And that I can not give you," the girl said, slowly and sadly.

"And why not?" he demanded, angrily.

"You have no right to ask that question," she answered, quickly.

CHAPTER IX.

A MADMAN.

HOLLIS raised his head and looked the girl full in the face.

"Well, if you could give me a good reason why you don't care for me, I shouldn't feel so bad about it," he said, using the sulky tone of an overgrown school-boy detected in some breakage of the master's rules.

"Why ask a woman for reasons?" the girl exclaimed, in bitter contempt. "What man ever lived who thought that a woman could reason? That is one of the proud prerogatives of your sex, not of mine."

"Have you any particular objection to me?"

"Have I not spoken painful words enough, already?" Lydia asked, impatiently. "What if there is something about you that I do not like? Is there any need that I should still further affront you by telling you of it? You have asked a question and received an answer; why not stop now?"

"Because I want to be satisfied," he said, half-angrily. "I know that you've got some reason for acting this way, and I want to find out what it is. You have always acted as if you did care something for me."

"So I do, as a friend," answered the girl, quickly. "Can not you understand that a woman can like a man and yet not love him well enough to marry him? A woman has many likings in her life, but she seldom loves but once."

"What a strange girl you are!" Hollis exclaimed, in wonder; "you talk like a schoolmaster!"

"The great world has been my school-room, and want and suffering are hard masters; the lessons they teach are bitter ones, and are not easily forgotten," the girl said, slowly.

"I think that I know one reason why you don't care for me," Hollis said, doggedly.

"Yes?"

"Because people say that I drink; so I do sometimes, but not enough to hurt me."

"Jediel Hollis, if I loved you better than any woman ever loved any man in this world, and should discover that you drank, I would sooner lay down and die than marry you," the girl said, with strange emphasis.

"Well, I should give it up altogether if I married you," he said, rather astonished at her earnestness.

"So many a man has said, and many a girl, trusting to a drunkard's word, has linked herself to a degraded brute. Few men in this world love their wives well enough to give up their pleasures for them," she replied, scornfully.

"And that's the reason that you don't care for me, eh?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "How many times must I tell you that I have never thought of you as a girl thinks of a man whom she wishes to marry. I like you as a friend, and am grateful for the many little kind acts that you have done, but that is all."

"And you don't love any one else, eh?" Sharply and abruptly Hollis put the question.

The girl did not start at the question, or betray any sign of emotion, except that her lips shut together tightly for a moment.

"I do not think that I love any one in this world well enough to marry them," she answered, slowly and calmly.

"Not even Sinclair Paxton?" Hollis demanded, with bitter accent, all the evil in his nature roused into action at the bare thought of the man, the print of whose knuckles he bore even now beneath his ear.

"I do not understand why you should speak in such a way of Mr. Paxton," she said, slowly, and a troubled look appeared upon her face.

"You don't understand, eh?" he said, deliberately, and with a cruel joy, for he was convinced that at last he had hit upon the true reason why she had rejected his suit.

"No, I do not," and she raised her cold, calm eyes, and looked him full in the face. There was just a little bit of pride apparent in her bearing. "I can not understand why Mr. Paxton, the rich treasurer of the mill, should ever be spoken of in the same breath as the poor mill-hand, Lydia Graeme."

"Because all Biddeford says that he is your lover," Hollis replied bluntly.

The girl got just a shade whiter, and the fire of her eyes became more intense.

"The Biddeford folks must have very little to talk about if they say such a foolish thing as that," she said, slowly.

"It's the truth, and you can't deny it!" Hollis cried, bitterly.

"I shall not attempt to," Lydia replied, calmly.

"I knew that it was the truth!" the carpenter exclaimed, in a passion. "I saw the way you hung upon his arm when you was walking with him this evening. I'm no fool, even if I am mad after you. I'm sorry I ain't as rich as Sin Paxton!"

Lydia flushed up just a little at the sneer, and a look of reproach came into her eyes; but Hollis, mad with jealousy, heeded it not.

"But I can tell you one thing, Miss Lydia Graeme; when old Deacon Edmund Paxton consents to your marriage with his son, then the devil, who gave old Daddy Embden his money, will come after it, and about that time the world will end."

Reckless and brutal was the speech, and Lydia's blazing eyes told that she felt and resented the insult.

"You have forgotten yourself, sir, and, now, never dare to speak to me again!" she exclaimed.

A moment more and Jediel Hollis was alone.

He could hear the rustle of the girl's dress as she ascended the stair. A vague, wild thought came into his mind to rush after her and beg her to forgive and forget his frantic words, but a stubborn sentiment of pride held him back.

He snatched his hat from the table, jammed it upon his head, and rushed, like a madman, from the house.

Lydia proceeded directly to her own room. On the threshold she paused and listened.

She heard Hollis' frantic rush from the house, heard his steps ringing on the gravel walk, and the gate slam behind him.

"He is a coward at heart," she murmured, "else he would never have said what he did."

Satisfied that he had really gone, she proceeded down stairs again and closed up the house. All the household beside herself had retired.

"I don't want your gratitude; I want your love!" Hollis exclaimed.

"And that I can not give you," the girl said, slowly and sadly.

"And why not?" he demanded, angrily.

"You have no right to ask that question," she answered, quickly.

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"Because I want to be satisfied," he said, half-angrily. "I know that you've got some reason for acting this way, and I want to find out what it is. You have always acted as if you did care something for me."

"So I do, as a friend," answered the girl, quickly. "Can not you understand that a woman can like a man and yet not love him well enough to marry him? A woman has many likings in her life, but she seldom loves but once."

"What a strange girl you are!" Hollis exclaimed, in wonder; "you talk like a schoolmaster!"

"He stopped suddenly as if to communicate with himself.

"I'll do it!" he muttered, "this very night, too. Spose he's gone to bed? Tain't likely, for I've seen him smoking there as late as one o'clock. I'll try it any way. I jest as lief be hung as not as long as I kill him."

Again the carpenter hurried onward. He hastened down the street at break-neck speed. The very air seemed close and heavy around him. He was mad with rage and passion.

"Oh, that cursed Paxton!" he muttered, frantically, as he rushed wildly onward.

"Oh! I'd give ten years of my life to get even with him! I could get this girl if it wasn't for him. Ten years! I'd give all my life! I swear I'll kill him yet!"

And with the words a terrible scheme came into the brain of the almost crazy carpenter.

He stopped suddenly as if to communicate with himself.

"I'll do it!" he muttered, "this very night, too. Spose he's gone to bed? Tain't likely, for I've seen him smoking there as late as one o'clock. I'll try it any way. I jest as lief be hung as not as long as I kill him."

Again the carpenter hurried onward. He hastened down the street at break-neck speed. The very air seemed close and heavy around him. He was mad with rage and passion.

"Oh, that cursed Paxton!" he muttered, frantically, as he rushed wildly onward.

In his room he lit a match and lighted the lamp which stood on the little stand. Then he opened the drawer of the stand and took out half a dozen leaden bullets which were in one corner. He was careful to take them all.

In one corner of the room was a heavy black walking-stick with a small ivory head.

This Hollis took, and then turning the flame of the lamp down quite low, left the room and house.

Straight he went for Saco.

The town reached at last, he hastened with noiseless tread through the main street until he arrived opposite to the Paxton homestead.

"Well, I should give it up altogether if I married you," he said, rather astonished at her earnestness.

"So many a man has said, and many a girl, trusting to a drunkard's word, has linked herself to a degraded brute. Few men in this world love their wives well enough to give up their pleasures for them," she replied, scornfully.

"And that's the reason that you don't care for me, eh?"

"No, no!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "How many times must I tell you that I have never thought of you as a girl thinks of a man whom she wishes to marry. I like you as a friend, and am grateful for the many little kind acts that you have done, but that is all."

"And you don't love any one else, eh?" Sharply and abruptly Hollis put the question.

Death-Notch, the Destroyer;

on, THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEATH-NOTCH IN TROUBLE.

After leaving his cabin, Ralph St. Leger made a careful circuit of the hut, then moved out toward the woods. Here he caught sight of a shadowy figure moving away before him. He followed it, for, without a doubt, it was a skulking enemy. It led into the woods, where the darkness was so intense that he was not enabled to follow it otherwise than by sound. But he could hear the footsteps very plain. They were heavy and massive, unlike that of an Indian warrior, yet it was the footsteps of a prowling enemy.

Out some fifty yards in the wood, Ralph was suddenly startled by a quick step at his right. He started. At that instant he hears a "whirr" over his head, then he feels something encircle his form like the folds of a huge serpent. He feels this band drawn suddenly tight. His hands are pinioned at his side. He struggles but his efforts fail to rend to tighten the clasp. He is jerked to his knees, then he is thrown prostrate upon the earth; he is within the coils of a lasso, a captive. A dozen savages close in upon him. He struggles with the desperation of a madman, but the heavy blow of a club strikes his throat that causes his eyes to roll out of his head.

The scene changes. It is still night, and in the forest a camp-fire is burning. Its rays, reaching outward and upward, strike upon the green foliage of the trees, seeming to transform them into gray rock towering aloft and forming a deep chasm, whose grim, stone facade was apparently dappled with sunlight, yet whose opening was lost in the darkness above.

Around this camp-fire half a dozen savages are moving hurriedly to and fro, their grim faces aglow with demoniac triumph. The cause of their excitement is readily manifested. Before them stands a white captive, whose hands are bound before him, and the ends of the thongs securely attached to a sapling.

The captive is Ralph St. Leger. His head is bare; he is stripped of every thing but his trowsers and hunting-shirt. He is perfectly resigned. There is no look of fear or detection in his fine dark eyes. He regards the ravenous spirit of his captors indifferently, and a smile of admiration passes over his face when he sees they are preparing for his torture.

A number of arrow-points are thrust into the fire, and a strong bow got in readiness for use. Then a savage warrior points to these and tells the captive what they are for, and, by mocks and jeers, endeavors to make him show some signs of fear. But the captive boy holds not his words.

The young pale-face is like the young tree against which he stands," said the savage, growing indignant at his success as a mocker; "he hears not the voice of the wind. But when the ax is cut into the bark, it is made to feel. It will wither and die. The pale-face boy shall feel."

The speaker was a young warrior about the age of the captive. He was the child of a chief—was brave and daring, and honored for the scalps he had taken. He was small and slender, yet agile as the panther, and strong as a young lion. As he concluded his threat, the young chief turned, took up a bow, plucked an arrow—whose point was

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was the face of Death-Notch—Ralph St. Leger!

CHAPTER XXX.

FRED MEETS HIS FRIENDS.

The finger of the young Scalp-Hunter was upon his lips, significant of silence. Fred saw at once what he meant, yet it seemed a miracle that he could have been carried there alive without being mangled and bruised against the sides of the log. But he saw that the hollow was small—that his body filled it so closely that it could not be dashed against the sides, but had turned with the log.

After he had recovered from the blinding dizziness, consequent on being whirled around and around so often and rapidly, he began an examination of his situation. The first thing he saw was Fred, and at once made his presence known in the manner already described.

When he was sure Fred understood his intentions, he drew his knife, and, reaching out, severed his bonds. Then he glided from the log, and the next instant the two passed into the woods, and not until they were out of gun-shot did the savages realize the state of affairs in the rear. A few of them gave chase, but, by a circuitous course, the fugitives reached the timber at the summit of the hill, and were there joined by the Avengers.

Great was the joy of these youths on their reunion with their young captain, whom they had given up as dead.

Fred introduced Ralph St. Leger to his friends, but said nothing of his being Death-Notch. But, from Omaha's actions, Fred mistrusted that his suspicions were aroused.

The Friendly and Old Shadow were deployed as scouts to watch the movements of the enemy in the valley below, and after Fred and his companions had compared notes, and talked over their adventures since the night of the storm, Ralph took him aside and said,

"It is useless, Fred, to presume that you do not know the fate of Vida and Sylvie."

A sigh of intense agony escaped Fred's lips.

"Yes, Ralph," he said, "I saw them carried away before my eyes, and I was helpless in the red demons' power—helpless as a child. It is agony, torturing agony, to think about it."

"Why is it, Fred?"

"Why is it?" repeated Fred, startled by the tone of Ralph's voice.

"Yes; why is it agony to you? I know Vida was a stranger to you before you came to our cabin, but perhaps Sylvie Gray—"

"I admit, Ralph, your sister's existence was unknown to me before the day she saved my life, but without her existence now, life to me will be an agony."

"You love her, then?"

"I do, Ralph; I love her as no man ever loved a woman before."

"You may think so; but did you confess your love to her?"

"I did."

"And tried to win her affections from me—her only friend?"

"No, no, Ralph; God forbid! I could not help loving her, and my love is reciprocated."

"Fred," and the young Scalp-Hunter's voice was low and half-choked, "I would do nothing to make you and Vida miserable. But she is young, and did I believe there was a tinge of deception in your heart—that you were deceiving her—I would shoot you dead. But I have a better opinion of you, Fred, and now you have only to prove that you love Vida as you say, by hazarding every thing for her rescue."

"That will I do, even with my life," replied Travis.

"And I will ever be by your side, Fred; for as you love Vida, so I love Sylvie Gray."

"Together, then, we follow the foe, and you shall lead the Avengers, if you so desire."

"No, Travis; you are their chosen leader. Lead on, and as a scout I will render you every assistance I can. Of course the girls have been carried to the Indian village, and we will have to hasten there and do the best we can toward their release."

Here the conversation ended, and the two youths joined the Avengers, to whom Fred made known the fact that Ralph St. Leger would accompany them on their journey to the Indian village.

At a signal from the young captain, Omaha and Old Shadow came in, when a general understanding was had all around. Fred Travis was to lead as captain of the band.

The party now numbered ten, and with the exception of Old Shadow, were all young, active and brave; but, where the old hunter was wanting in youth, he excelled in bravery and experience.

The savages in the valley were soon seen to be moving away into the forest, evidently trying to elude the Avengers. But the latter had no desire to follow them. Their anxiety for the rescue of those of their friends who might be captives at the village set aside all offensive measures.

So the little band took up their line of march northward. Omaha and Old Shadow were deployed as scouts, while Ralph St. Leger acted in the capacity of guide, for to him every foot of that forest was familiar.

They pressed on quite rapidly, and when the shadows of evening began to fall, they found themselves within five miles of the Sioux village.

Again they came to a halt. Scouts were sent out toward the town to reconnoiter the situation, and calculate their chances of rescuing the prisoners.

Omaha and Old Shadow were the scouts sent forward, but soon after their departure, Ralph went too. It was dark—pitchy-dark—when the two scouts came in sight of the town. A hundred camp-fires marked the location of the place, and showed our two friends the round, conical lodges, and the dusky forms of warriors stalking about or standing before the fire, like bronzed statuary. In the background were hatched a number of ponies, bridled as if for instant use.

The two scouts decided to separate, with the intention of making a circuit of the encampment, each one making half the round. They were to meet at a designated spot on the opposite side of the town, "compare notes," and report at once to the band.

Old Shadow went around to the left of the village, and with his usual daring, he moved rapidly and skillfully on, yet he was compelled more than once to conceal himself to elude discovery by the sha-

dowy forms of Indian scouts that he saw stalking about through the night.

He pressed on, and finally came to a little wooded defile that caused him to make an abrupt *detour* to the left. It carried him over a mile from the town; and at the point where he would pass around the head of the defile was a little glade through which he would have to pass. He entered it without hesitation and pressed toward the opposite side. Just then a dark figure sprang from a clump of bushes and seized him by the throat.

It was a savage warrior of giant proportions and herculean strength.

The wiry old trapper struggled desperately for freedom, but he was no match for the powerful warrior, who had possessed himself of every advantage at the beginning.

With both hands gripped upon his throat, the giant savage held the old trapper at arm's-length and pressed his fingers gradually tighter upon his jugular.

Old Shadow saw that all was up with him. He was being strangled to death, and every movement of his body added to his pain. He grew weaker each moment. His eyes started from their sockets and his tongue from his mouth. A purple haze was gathering before his eyes. Feebly he clutched at the arm of the savage, who now seemed magnified into a being of colossal stature.

To the old scout the dark belt of timber around the glade seemed spinning around and around. Direful sounds—striking demons and wailing winds rushed athwart the night. And from the borders of darkness—the woods—he sees a dark, shaggy form appear. It comes with a lumbering gait. Two orbs of fire gleam from the shaggy mass like the eyes of doom. The moonbeams falling upon it give it a weird and terrible appearance. But there is still life enough left for Old Shadow to see what it is. A huge black bear.

The beast is wounded. He is mad. Froth and blood are dripping from his mouth and nostrils. The feathered shaft of an arrow protrudes from his side.

He comes on toward the combatants. Old Shadow can see him, but the Indian can not. His back is toward it.

The bear approaches and rears upon his haunches behind the savage. He readies out with his fore arms and grasps the savage in a deadly hug, and buries his white glittering fangs in his naked shoulder. Old Shadow is saved!

A shriek burst from the lips of the savage. He relinquished his hold upon the old hunter's throat and attempted to turn upon his new adversary. But he could not. The beast held him in a more powerful embrace than he held the old hunter. Together they rolled to the earth.

Old Shadow gasped for breath, and staggering fell to the earth. He soon regained his strength and breath, however, and rising to his feet, exclaimed:

"Whew! that's better. But, damn the b'r, he come nigh' too late, the lazy, pokin' lummix. Go in thar, on yer muscle, ole b'r! I'm in a hurry and can't stay enny longer foolin' round here. Squiz the darned varlet's carness till his eyes bung out, ole b'r, but I'll leave while my credit's good, so I will, by gum!"

The old scout picked up his rifle, and turning, left the bear and savage down in their death-struggles, and hurrying across the opening, plunged into the dark, green wood beyond.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

A Slight Mistake.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"THERE'S one thing I'd like to know," Ned Fenwick said to himself, as he passed down the steps of the Graham mansion, one evening, after having passed an hour or two inside its hospitable walls. "And that is, if Bessie Graham cares any thing for me. I can't get a chance to ask her about it, because there are so many around, and if I had the best chance in the world, I don't know as I should dare to say anything. If I only knew she cared a *little* for me—but I don't! I can't understand these women. If she'd only say something that would give me a chance to understand how the land lies, I'd know better what to do; but now I'm sure I don't know what to do. It can't be very pleasant for a fellow to have a girl tell him 'no,' plump and square, and I suppose she'll never tell him yes till he gives her a chance to. I wonder if I couldn't write a proposal? Of course I could, and I'll do it. I wonder I never thought of that plan before!" and having struck upon this satisfactory method of proposing marriage, he lighted a cigar and walked homeward, his feelings considerably relieved.

"I really thought Ned was going to propose to you to-night, when he asked you to show him that new lily in the conservatory," said Lettie Graham, to her sister Bessie, as they took down their hair preparatory to going to bed, and sat before the fire, combing it out. "He looked just so, I'm sure," said Lettie, with an arch glance into her sister's face, which had grown rosy in the firelight. "Come, Bessie, tell me all about it, for you know I'm dying to know what he said when he asked you to be Mrs. Fenwick."

"He didn't ask me to be Mrs. Fenwick," said Bessie, curtly. "I don't know as he ever intends to, and if he did, I'm not sure I should say yes to it. Men are such ninies!"

"You'll have to encourage the poor fellow to propose, or he'll never dare to ask you the awful question," laughed Lettie, partly at the idea of Ned's bashfulness, and partly at Bessie's vexation. "I could see that he was aching to know what to say and how to say it to-night, and I really thought he had 'screwed his courage to the sticking point,' when you went to the conservatory. I saw mother wink at pa, and I'm sure they thought so, too. I don't see why men are so afraid of women—which is it?"

"If he waits till I encourage him to propose, he'll wait a good while," declared Bessie, giving the comb a jerk through a snarl in her hair. "If he does care any thing for me, he might say so, I think, and not dally round in this style. I *did* think, myself," she said, becoming confidential, "that he was going to propose to me to-night, but he never said a word till we got to the conservatory, and I showed him the lily. Then he said something about what a pretty flower it was, and then was silent for as much as a minute, and I thought the question was coming; but—would you be-

lieve it?—he asked me if lilies were not good for some kind of a poultice! He said his grandmother used to use them for that purpose, he believed! I declare, I had hard work to keep from laughing in his face, for all I was so vexed. The idea of proposals and poultices seemed so ludicrous," and Bessie laughed again and again at the remembrance of poor Ned's very unromantic remark.

"Perhaps he wanted to suggest the idea that you should make a poultice for his wounded heart," said Lettie.

"Like enough," answered Bessie. "But I'm sleepy, and am going to bed."

The next day Ned Fenwick sat himself down to the task of writing a proposal of marriage to Bessie Graham.

"Dear Bessie," he began, but tore that sheet up immediately, as "Dear Bessie," seemed almost too familiar, considering the fact that he was not certain whether that lady would allow him to call her by that endearing name. Then he wrote "Miss Bessie" and "Miss Graham," but neither suited him. At last he decided on "Miss Elizabeth" as being at the same time respectful and dignified.

It was a difficult matter to express his ideas as he wished to; but at last he succeeded in inditing an epistle which seemed to be as near what he was trying to say as any thing he was likely to get, if he kept on trying for a week.

He wrote:

"Mrs. Elizabeth,

"Having loved you for a long time, but not having had a chance to tell you so, and wishing to bring suspense to an end, I take this method of making you aware of the state of my feelings, and ask you to be my wife. Should you consider my proposal in a favorable light, please let me know by the same method I have employed in making you aware of my regard for you. If it should be 'yes' that you write me, I will call at once and speak with Mr. Graham. Yours, devotedly,

EDWARD FENWICK."

"There!" said Ned, folding the epistle, and writing "Miss Elizabeth Graham" on an envelope, in his best style. "I've done my best! If she only says 'yes'!"

Here's a letter for 'Miss Elizabeth Graham,'" said Rosa, the younger of the three Graham sisters, as she brought up the mail which the postman had just delivered.

"That's you, aunt 'Elizabeth. I wonder who wrote it?"

Miss Elizabeth Graham, spinster, took the letter without deigning her mischievous niece any answer, and retired to her room to read it. Letters seldom sought her out, and the receipt of one by her was quite a sensation in the Graham family. She was thirty, and had been for the last ten years, and bad fair to remain a stationary object, while time rolled on for ten years more. She was very sentimental, and always cherished the hope of "finding her ideal" at some stage of her existence. Miss Graham sometimes dabbled in poetry. On such occasions it was enough to strike the beholder with awe to look into her pale blue eyes, fixed on vacancy—her sallow face, with its look of inspiration, which a physician would have considered the symptom of indigestion, and her long, slender ringlets, which quivered with the excitement the muse inspired within her virgin breast.

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"At last!" said Ned, looking somewhat amused and thoroughly provoked. "But I can't see how Rosa found it out. I'm afraid there was mischief aboard," he added, pulling Rosa's ears. Rosa clasped her hands, rolled her eyes, first down, then up, simpered, and then, in Miss Elizabeth's exact tones, said, slowly:

"Love is not apt to stand aside for a slight disparity in years. At any rate, such a love as ours."

Mr. Graham and Lettie laughed, and Rosa sat down on the stairs and gave vent to some of her pent-up merriment.

Rosa got up to leave the room, pale, and ready to cry.

"Don't care any thing about it, dear,"

Mr. Graham said, as he kissed her. "I don't understand it at all, I confess, for I really thought he came here to see my daughter, instead of my sister," a smile disturbing the shadow that had gathered on his face at sight of Bessie's distress. "But if we were mistaken, we must try to get over it and accept matters with the best grace we can."

"I never want to see him again," cried Bessie, bursting into tears. "I never did care much for him, anyway; but to think I've been such a fool!"

After which somewhat incoherent statement, she ran up-stairs, and was seen no more for some hours.

Ned Fenwick received that afternoon a epistle in a white envelope, covered all over with little Cupids on beds of roses, feeding little white doves, and little Cupids swinging on "imaginary scrambling vines, and little Cupids tugging at very sharp arrows, which had transfixed two very plump, healthy-looking hearts.

"I guess it is favorable," he said, as he inspected the envelope, hesitating to open what must be to him a message of woe or woe. "I'll see," and he tore it open and found a very pink sheet of very small paper inside, smelling strongly of bergamot.

"That reminds me of Bessie's aunt," he said as a whiff of the perfume saluted his nostrils. "She always uses it. I thought Bessie used extract of violets.

The letter read:

"DEAR NED: Your note is before me. Language fails me when I would write upon this paper my feelings and love for you. I can not do it. My heart flutters so that I can hardly guide my pen. It is like a bird that hears the call of its mate. My bosom thrills at the sound. My heart is yours, dear Edward, all yours, and when I lay my head upon your manly breast, and feel your kiss upon my lips, then, and not till then, shall I fully realize the bliss that has so suddenly and unexpectedly come to me. Ever your own,

ELIZABETH GRAHAM.

P. S. Come to-night; I shall expect you."

"It seems to me that is about the same thing as an acceptance of my proposal," said Ned, very much relieved and highly delighted. "It's a trifle too sentimental, though, but women are given to being sentimental, I suppose. I can't imagine what she means by its being unexpected. She must have seen this long time back that I loved her, and wanted to tell her so, only I couldn't muster up enough courage to do it. However, it's all right, and I'm glad the worst is over. I must go round to-night and see the old gent, and talk it over with Bessie."

Just as dusk was setting in, Miss Elizabeth descended to the front parlor in the glory of a new silk dress of a very lively shade of blue, with white rosebuds arranged stiffly in her quivering ringlets. She had an idea that the occasion demanded an extra effort in this direction, and felt herself equal to it. There she sat, very erect and firm, with the "why-don't-he-come" look of younger maidens expressed very forcibly upon her sallow face; the beatific expression of her eyes was enhanced a little by the effect of a red spot on either cheek, which Rosa concluded was rouge, but which the poetical-minded Miss Elizabeth hoped would be taken as the effect of the new and sweet excitement which was stirring in her youthful breast.

"If any one calls for me, tell them I'm in here," said Miss Elizabeth to Rosa, who had insinuated herself into the parlor. "I expect a visitor, and oh, Rosamond," growing pathetic, "I hope you may

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—Is it true, asks one of our best authors, that brain-work is exhausting, and demands special nutriment for the system to stand the strain? We answer that, we are told by those who profess to know that, according to careful estimates and analyses of the exertions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers, if there is any truth in the laws of animal absorption and recuperation. But one thing must ever be borne in mind: no process of stomach feeding can restore a vitality exhausted by constant overwork, because, with the exhaustion also comes a want of power to assimilate food, in which case overfeeding, or rich aliment produces dyspepsia and distaste for all strong food. Keep both body and mind in sound condition by proper exercise and recreation, if you would hold out as a mental worker.

—Elsewhere we answer a query, as to the proper time of service to learn a trade. Let us here add: the great fault now apparent in the trades is the general laxity of the apprenticeship system. Young men essay to follow the trade of carpenter, mason, plasterer, upholsterer, printer, cabinet-maker, painter, jeweler, fresco-painter, plumber, tinner, etc., etc., with only a brief service as apprentices and the result is a great deterioration in the quality of work and the efficiency of workmen. This evil—for such it confessedly is—is partially remedied, at present, by the immense influx of skilled mechanics from the Old World; but, after awhile, even that supply must come far short of the demand here for skilled labor, and we can but then turn to our own mechanics and say revise your apprenticeship system or the trades will fall into disgrace. The way to elevate any calling is to do such excellent work as to make people admire it and envy the worker's skill and efficiency. One good mechanic, whose work all persons are pleased with, does more to "elevate" his profession than a dozen orators or essayists.

A Pocket Piece.—A contemporary says the senior editor of the good old New York *Observer* laid the foundation of his fame as a writer by a single article which he was persuaded to rewrite and condense two or three times after he had offered it for publication, and which, thus prepared, was copied all over the country. The success that followed the good advice given him induces Doctor Prime to do for others what some one did for him—give honest advice to all who propose to write for the press, and this is what the Doctor says:

"omit the beginning of your essay. Most writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine that a newspaper article, like an oration, should have an exordium, an argument, and conclusion. Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted. That is, state your case, say your say, and stop. Do not take time and space to get into the subject, and more to get out of it; but come to it instantly, and stop when you are done."

Apply this to story-writing and you have the

rule—omit all "palaver" and go right at your work, to tell the story in the most direct and intelligent manner possible. That is the real secret of the good story-teller—he sticks to his main idea and lets extraneous matters alone.

The Doctor further says:

"Doctor Griffin used to say that he could put the five volumes of a Bible Commentary into one volume, and not lose an idea worth retaining. We believe he could have done it. And so could we."

"Be short. The time is short, the world is very fast now, and readers of newspapers do not want long articles. Pack your thoughts into short words, sentences and short essays. If you never do a great thing, never do a long thing."

"Come to the point. If you have no point, lay down the pen, and do something else, rather than write. It is not every one who can write for education, and you may not be one who can."

This may seem curt and somewhat dogmatic, but, every editor appreciates its force. Not a day passes that good manuscript is not put into the "Morgue" because it tells too much. Writers have to learn that diffuseness, verbiage, prolixity, tautology, indirectness, indistinctness and mannerism are the seven cardinal sins of authorship.

Again Dr. P. says:

"Be very modest in your estimate of your own productions, and do not fret if others esteem them even less than you do."

"Well, this is cruel; but it is capital advice, nevertheless. Old Doctor Abernethy's remark to a young physician was: 'You'll kill three or four patients before you begin to cure just because you want to let people know you are a physician,' and so of authors—they must let people know they are authors, by some absurdity, before they get 'their hands in' to work and obtain a modest estimate of their own value."

DISSATISFIED.

He sat at the window of his country home, and, leaning his head on his hand, he gazes up and down the road, hither and yon, over the fields and into the meadows, but not one smile of pleasure illumines his countenance; in truth, it wears more of a scowl. What is the reason of all this?

He is dissatisfied and discontented—can see no beauty in the lovely foliage—can hear no music in the caroling of the birds, or the murmur of the brooklets. He is tired of the sweet milk, fresh butter, pure and shady walks; he "hates farming," and wants to live in the city, and be a clerk.

Well, he eventually has his wish gratified, and we next find him the inmate of a second or third-class boarding-house, where "home comforts" are the exception, but never the rule. His salary is small, and, after his board is paid, there's but little left for luxuries; consequently, he looks upon his superior clerks with feelings of envy, that he can not dress as well as they, and he really pines once more for home and farm life.

But he'll not return to it. He has grown too proud to let his old acquaintances see that he has made a mistake; so he plods along, murmuring and complaining at all the world and the people in it.

This person is but a type of the thousand dissatisfied individuals dwelling around us, and who not only make themselves miserable and unhappy, but they make others so, with their continual and incessant murmuring.

They take umbrage at every fancied wrong—they envy those possessed of more wealth—they moan over the hours, and then wonder why they seem so long. When the spring comes, they wish for summer; summer is no sooner here than they complain that the spring has passed; they think they could find more happiness in winter, yet when that season does arrive they murmur more than ever.

They are longing to die, and be at rest, but they cling to earth with greatest tenacity; they ask pardon for their sins, and yet sin all the more. They prize of the pride of noble birth, yet they strive not for a noble name. I verily believe, if they could, they would come out of their graves and hunt around for the sculptor, so as to find some fault with the form or size of their tombstones.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

MY HUNGRY FELLOW FRIENDS AND BROTHERLY SISTERS!

My text on this foreordained occasion will be found somewhere between the 21st of Genesis and the 18th of December, and contains this sentiment: "Let us all eat hearty, nor care who pays for the turkey."

(I have a slight cold; excuse me till I polish my spectacles so I can speak plainer.)

First, let us look at the last word in the text (to a good many of you it will be the only chance to look at it to-day) Turkey;

a very simple word, but full of sage meaning and stuffing. Look at it in its several clauses; examine it in all its bearings; stop your neighbor while he is bearing it home.

How well does it pay fill-o-sophical dissection? How strong does it appeal to all sinners, and how fervently do all sinners appeal for it? Oh, word of mighty import and export! Oh, Turkey! But—"Let us all eat hearty, nor care who pays for the turkey."

(Deacon, please wake up the congregation on the first row.)

I would bring the sermon under four heads, but turkey is the subject with only one. Observe the word "eat," what a delicious command!

In the second place, what relation does "eat" sustain to "turkey"? Let us proceed to analyze it.

The desideratum of the carbonic hypothesis theorizes the impertinence of the antipodes of the materialistic premises; therefore, to my mind the spontaneity of the transcendental petroleum leads me to arrive at the demonstration in spite of the homogeneous paroxysm as exemplified in the continuation of the illimitable, and leaves it very plain to all what relation "eat" sustains to "turkey." So much for the second place. Let us proceed.

Poor people who haven't had anything to eat all the year, have the glorious privilege to-day of eating all they can get, and being thankful. If they can't get any thing to eat to-day, how much better would it be if they were all dyspeptics, and yet a worldly turkey is within the reach of all. It is very easy to save that much out of a doctor's bill or your tailor's. And, my friends, there is one thing to which I desire to call your earnest attention. Many of you are in the habit of inviting a very large circle of friends to a very small turkey. This is a

crime for which there can be no atonement.

My nervous ganglia and epigastrium received such a severe shock, in this way, that I have been hungry ever since. And, remember another thing: everybody can't be asked to everybody else's dinner. People depend too much on this popular fallacy.

Last Thanksgiving Day I called on every urgent business at fourteen different houses, just about dinner time, before smelt turkey. They had all been depending on invitations out, and hadn't got them. At the last house they had turkey, and, on their using the utmost force, I reluctantly consented to partake. They were all there at the table when I entered, and they said:

"Brother Whitchorn, how do you do?" I answered that I had a grievous hollowness about the ventriloquial region, and asked if that was a turkey? "Yes," said they, "won't you sit up and have some?" I couldn't get out of it, although I never like to be forced. "We must all eat hearty, nor care who remunerates for the Thanksgiving poultry."

(I would be very glad if you all would look at me and not at the clock.)

My beloved ears, let your hearts be filled to-day with nothing but turkey and good will toward all mankind of both sexes. I earnestly entreat you to forgive your relations, who revel in the luxuries of poverty, and set chairs at your tables to-day for as many as you see proper to invite, and let them feast their eyes upon your silver plate; fill up their glasses with the rich juice of the flowing well. Wives, throw a smile to-day across the table at your husbands instead of the usual missives; husbands, defer your accustomed growls until to-morrow, and let your immortal appetites to-day reduce you all to one common level. Eat hearty, etc.

In a few minutes you will all adjourn to your homes, or to other people's, where you may or may not have invitations; but let me tell you that there is nothing so beneficial to a wayfarer here below, as the choice, tender parts of a turkey covered with the rich blessings of gravy, and encouraged with mashed potatoes. Eat as much more of a scowl. What is the reason of all this?

After the feast is done, remember that there are many poor around you; so, if you have any left, put it away for supper, for cold victuals are just as good for you as for anybody else.

Will the deacons pass around with the plates for any little money that may be in the congregation—they are the best dishes which I can sit down to to-day.

I will be open to invitations to dinner when we dismiss. I will accept as many of them as is consistent with a man of my standing—and I may say that I can stand a good deal, and, let us all eat hearty, nor care who pays for the turkey.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL

5

HAPPY BIRDS!

BY A. P. M., JR.

Caroling, caroling birds of air,
Spirits of pleasure soft and fair,
Pouring music into the bower,
Merrily into the zephyred breeze—
Soft as a strain from angeled lyres,
Yet, with the liquid sighs of love,
Trembling from that sphere above,
Rowing the boat of never fires.
Voices of song from lips of dew—
Warbles of mirth and endless bliss,
Melodies sweet in their posited kiss,
Heralds of day of gilded hue;
So bright and coy,
Circling beneath the ethered blue;
Glad is the life that's given to thee,
Realm of perfume in a very sea!
"I fear not. And, Jennie, we think of
sending Bessie to Vassar Col—"

She faced him with flashing eyes and compressed lips.
In other words, Mr. Van Courtland, you followed me to discharge me from your father's service. I would have preferred official notice from Mr. Van Courtland, senior."

While she was speaking he saw how deathly white she was, and then he reproached the hand she had snatched from his arm.

"Spitfire! Won't you let me finish? Shall I give you, verbatim, official word from head-quarters?" She bowed her head in cold compliance. This then was the sudden ending of her precious dreams; this the return to the cold, dark world from the fairy realm she had inhabited so long.

"He said," and Alf bent a sunny, laughing look on her frigid, pale face, "tell Miss Jennie I ask her congratulations on my engagement to the best woman in the world—Mrs. Janet Floyd." Alf spoke slowly, and now he was surprised to note the change in Jennie's face, as she reddened, then paled; first opened her lips in mute amaze, and then, with true womanly instinct, wound up by commencing to cry.

"Jennie," he went on, "I hope you give your consent; or are you crying because we are brother and sister?" She did not answer, but his words chilled her—only brother and sister!

Then, suddenly, he dropped his gay badinage, and his voice was freighted with gentle tenderness.

"Jennie, I want you for something dearer than sister; and we will send Bessie to Vassar so that Bessie's sweet teacher can be my wife. Will she, think you, darling?" He raised her blissful head and read his answer; he kissed her, and then, in his old, gay way, went on:

"What relation will we be, anyhow, dearest? Will you cipher it out by the double rule of three for me? And then let us go in, to congratulate and be congratulated, because you've promised, haven't you, darling?"

"As if I can help it," she whispered.

A Musical Prodigy.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

MRS. GREGORY'S musical soirees were apt to be rather stupid affairs. Her highly cultivated audiences went with the expectation of being politely bored, the amateur artists participating were sure to be nervous under the fire of critical eyes, but Mrs. Gregory was a host in herself. She rallied her forces, encouraged her supporters, and entertained her guests in a manner which bid defiance to tact and taste, but over-ran with good-nature and the best intentions.

"You see, mamma," she went on, in a low, earnest tone, as they went along, "such a place as this offers you as much rest and comfort as it demands work. You will be such a dear old housekeeper, I'm sure, and wear sweet black silk dresses, and white lace caps and a square white shawl over your shoulders. And you'll have a bunch of keys!"

"Jennie! Jennie child, how you run on! You forget, my dear, if all this pleasant picture comes to be a reality, by any possibility, that in exchange I must lose you, my brave, happy girl."

A low, sweet laugh from Jennie.

"Not a bit of it, my little mother! As if I was going to leave you; or have you forsake me! No, indeed! I'll hire out in the house for scullery maid first—if my superior attractions will permit."

Mrs. Floyd smiled in the laughing face, that was so piquant and radiant under the little straw turban.

"Dear—"

But the brakeman's shout forbade the affectionate words; and presently, Jennie and her mother were walking up the grass-bordered roadside that led, in the distance, to Arlington Lodge.

"There'll be a score before me, in all probability. Hadn't we better go back?" Mrs. Floyd was getting dispirited; and Jennie found all her wits employed in keeping her mother's face turned toward Arlington Lodge.

"Nonsense, mamma! I've a presentiment that something delightful is going to happen—"

"I beg your pardon, madam."

A strange voice, a gentleman's, interrupted Jennie, and the ladies turned to see that Alf Van Courtland had nearly run them down.

Now, with a bright smile and a second glance toward Jennie's pretty face, he rode on, and into the open gates.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Floyd and Jennie walked into Mr. Van Courtland's library.

Ten minutes later still, thirteen disconsolate women walked out; not wanted.

And Mrs. Floyd was housekeeper at Arlington Lodge; and Miss Jennie governess to little Bessie Van Courtland.

The stars were just coming out, one by one, and the air was touched with a faint, delicious frostiness that sent the fresh color to Jennie Floyd's face, and made her draw her scarlet crepe shawl more closely around her slender, graceful figure. She had worn no hat, and her purple black hair was bound around her sharply head in rich wide braids that shone glossily, even in the starlight.

Slowly she walked down the gravel path; her eyes steadily fixed on the splendid landscape before her.

Twice since she and her mother had come to Arlington Lodge the roses had bloomed—roses of nature that sent out their sweet, spicy fragrance from pink chalices; and now, very, very slowly had roses of new, sweet hopes unfolded in her heart.

And it was—Alf Van Courtland's love for her.

To be sure, he never had told her in so many set words; but Jennie was a true woman, and as such knew what all these little glances, attentions, and devotions augured.

Now, as a light, firm footfall came sounding over the gravel, Jennie's cheeks flushed, then Alf Van Courtland called her name.

"Truant Jennie. Why did you run away from the drawing-room, when you knew I would miss you?"

He came up to her and drew her hand through his arm.

"I did not suppose you would miss me,

Mr. Van Courtland. You had several guests."

"But they are stupid, Jennie. I came out on purpose to tell you some news. Good news, too, my—Jennie."

She did not ask him what it was. Somehow a sweet presentiment came over her that he was going to tell her how he loved her.

"There are going to be great changes at the Lodge, Jennie. Have you heard that my father is going to be married?"

"Did you speak coldly?" Jennie fancied so.

"I did not know. Then my mother will not retain her position longer, I presume?"

"I fear not. And, Jennie, we think of sending Bessie to Vassar Col—"

She faced him with flashing eyes and compressed lips.

In other words, Mr. Van Courtland, you followed me to discharge me from your father's service. I would have preferred official notice from Mr. Van Courtland, senior."

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"As if I can help it," she whispered.

You mentioned his name, I think?"

"The name, yes, papa, but nothing about Gregory. Bless you! I wouldn't know him from Adam, I dare say; he's one of those convenient men who find concealment in a corner, gives his wife *carte blanche* in every thing, so she don't drag him out of his retirement. Shows his good sense in that, I say. But Mrs. Gregory has a musical reunion to-night, and we've been favored with invitations. It's such a bore to dress for any thing of that sort where one's sure not to meet anybody one cares for, and to stumble across people you'd rather have at the antipodes. I was just considering whether it wouldn't be quite as well to send excuses and try the novelty of one quiet evening at home for variety's sake."

"And thereby miff the Gregories! Don't think of it, even for variety's sake. My dear Octavia, it may not be so pleasant as a ball at the Albemarle or a reception at Bettermann's, but Gregory is solid and may be of service to me. Go by all means. The exertion of dressing may be a trial, but console yourself by the reflection that, according to present prospects, it's an infliction you'll not have to endure a great while longer. For your own best welfare, I'd advise that you take up with the first good offer you chance across—you've grown over a half-dozen already, any one of whom might be of incalculable benefit to me as a son-in-law. I can keep my feet a little while longer. For your own best welfare, I'd advise that you take up with the first good offer you chance across—you've grown over a half-dozen already, any one of whom might be of incalculable benefit to me as a son-in-law. I can keep my feet a little while longer. 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"Did he bribe you to frighten me?" she asked, with angry scorn. "Does Lucian think to blind me to his object so easily?—does he think to persuade me by such poor strategy to aid him in winning my rival? I would sooner see Lucian Ware dead than see him wedded to Mirabel, whom I hate because he loves her."

"If she marries the other one it will be death to Lucian," said the woman, in hollow, awe-stricken, earnest tones; and then, without another word, she turned to speed away swift and silent as a flitting shadow.

"It was done to frighten me," said Fay to herself. "Surely it could be nothing more."

But a chill of apprehensive dread ran over her frame.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT HAPPENED TO VALERE?

VALERE did not go upon his journey on the following day as he had proposed. There was a solemn duty to be performed at the manse which there was now no reason to delay. There had been some hanging back on the part of Dr. Gaines, who was not prepared to declare his convictions, but now he announced himself ready with his testimony.

The lead coffin in its shell of ebony was lifted from its niche in the family vault, and borne up into one of the deserted rooms of the old tower. The coroner and a jury of twelve men, selected from the most intelligent class of the country about, held an inquest on the body of Madame Durand.

The object of the long private consultation upon the day of the funeral was now brought to light. There had been a post-mortem examination, but the results were so obscure and unsatisfactory that it had not been deemed expedient then to place the matter before the public. The professor had declared that madame's death was caused by poison, but of what nature he could not determine until he should bring chemical analysis to bear in developing the traces left, and substantiating his expressed belief.

He returned to the inquest fully prepared to demonstrate what had been little more than surmise before. Doctor Gaines had been studying closely into both the direct and remote operations and results of the subtler poisons, and his researches led him to endorse the statements of the professor.

The coffin was opened, and by nature of the tests applied, and comparisons made with former analysis, the physicians proved beyond a doubt that madame had died of a mineral poison.

But the current opinion that it was the liquid contained in the little vial found upon the person of Ross at the time of her arrest, was exploded by the professor's testimony, corroborated by that of the country physician.

It contained a poison, subtle and deadly in its effects, and the gold tube was an ingenious contrivance by means of which it could be measured out in the minutest quantities, but it had not been administered to Madame Durand.

The liquid in the vial would cause death if taken alone or disguised in any preparation of food or drink; death also would result if it was injected directly into the blood; but there were evidences to show that madame's death had resulted from a poison absorbed through the pores of the cuticle.

The professor had observed on the occasion of that first examination, some minute crystallized spangles on the bottom of a small china basin which had been handed him for use. He had put it aside and subsequently ascertained that this basin had been used to contain the liniment prescribed for madame's paralyzed limbs. He had carefully secured the crystallized atoms, and also the liniment which remained in the bottle. The latter he had found free of any deleterious ingredient, but the crystals were deadly poison.

The servants and members of the household were afterward separately examined, and the testimony was all calculated to throw dark suspicion upon poor Ross.

Mr. Thancroft, under oath, related the fact that she had been found eavesdropping upon the day he had drawn up madame's will, and that she had fallen into disgrace with her mistress for that fault. Jean stated that the maid had threatened madame's life in her hearing. All certified to the fact that madame had banished her from immediate attendance, and it was proved that in defiance of this mandate Ross had answered the bell and waited upon her mistress shortly before the latter was found dead.

The evidence was all taken, and the verdict of the jury returned. It was: "That Madame Durand had come to her death on the twenty-third day of June, 1869, through the agency of a subtle and powerful poison administered by the hand of Mildred Ross."

And Milly Ross was remanded to prison to be brought to trial by due course of law.

Madame's remains were reconveyed to the vault beneath the tree, and the solemn assembly scattered from the place.

It had been a painful ordeal for the household at the manse; but the necessary duty was performed and the ordinary avocations taken up again.

On the morning following, Valere breakfasted alone just as the rosy glows of sunrise shot across the pale azure of the skies. Most faithfully was he adhering to the letter of that condition requiring the fulfillment of all duties pertaining to his office.

The ordinary household were just getting astir as he passed out through the hall taking his hat and gloves from the rack. Briggs was opening the rooms, and Jean was at hand with broom and duster. He passed them with a pleasant word, and paused a moment in the little court where the dew was hanging in heavy drops from leaves and blossoms, and the sweet moist fragrance went out in welcoming to the early sunrays.

He glanced up at the windows of Mirabel's room, hoping for a glimpse of her, though scarcely expecting that she had yet arisen; he had made his adieu to the trio of ladies on the preceding evening, and later claimed a few private words with Mirabel.

"Only for three days," he had said, smiling. "Such a little time, and I am dreading it as though I should not know this dear presence again for weeks."

"And it was you who would have gone out to wrench fame and wealth from the world, without so much as an assurance to shorten the time. Did you expect to win fickle fortune in an hour?"

"Is it unreasonable?" smiled Valere. "Certainty is so much dearer than hope."

Then their leave-taking, and they had parted.

Now, as he glanced upward, he saw an

open shutter, and a little hanging-basket of heliotrope in the window gently swayed by the morning breeze, but no sight of Mirabel.

Even as he paused there a light step passed the piazza, a soft rustle of sweeping robes, and she stood beside him with the sweet, fair face so tenderly winsome, that he could scarcely resist her passionate desire to clasp her to his heart in a close, fond embrace. He held her hand, and stooped until his bronzed cheek brushed her hair.

"Parting sweets," said he, with the glad surprise of seeing her mirrored in his eyes. "You have thrown a rosy glow over my day-path, darling. You look almost sad, my queen Mirabel."

"It must be that all the sorrowful details of yesterday's revelations are weighing upon me; though it seems like some undefined apprehension of a dread to come. I wish you were not going, Erne."

"What a precious flaw to find in my jewel! I thought you were perfect, Mirabel, and this little touch of superstition foreboding tells me that you will miss one little link from the joys of the world."

"Don't linger," she said. "It is time you were on your way?"

"Yes, sweet; my horse is waiting at the gates, but it is hard to tear myself away."

She snatched up into his face, and slipping her hand within his arm, walked with him down through the twisting walks. There at the gates they parted, she with dewy uplifted eyes; he with the proud thrill of rightful claim upon this peerless creature, and yearning tenderness too deep for words. A silent, scarcely demonstrative, but soulful parting.

An unsleeping spectre from the shadows of the neighboring trees, gazed his teeth in silent rage, and flashed a glance of mortal hatred after the unsuspecting steward of the great estates.

Lucian Ware, unable to gain sleep or rest, had left his chambers at the village with the first peep of dawn. The unhappy promptings of his unreciprocated love led him up the mountain-side, where, at least, he might feel his proximity to Mirabel. And now the selfish depths of his soul were stirred anew as he read aright the mutual, unwavering heart-trust of that simple parting.

He saw Mirabel turn back to the manse, with a wild desire to leap the boundaries, and bear her bodily away from the protecting love of the rival who had superseded him.

His heart was filled with a sense of remorse, as he bent over to offer his hand to her. But, within, he never moved, nor let drop one word of the bitter tumult of thoughts which raged in his mind.

The three days went by, and Mirabel nervously waited Erne's return. The dinner-hour came and passed, and the lights from the manse shone out through the purpling shadows of the brooding night.

Miss Gaines napped in a great chair in the corner, and Fay—for lack of better employment—was stringing a treble strand of pink coral beads, although she could not wear them with her mourning attire.

Miss Durand turned her back upon the room and its unheeding inmates, to watch the stars come out one by one and chase the blending shadows with their pale gleams.

A whippoorwill in the wood sounded its mournful plaint, and insects in the shrubbery chirped unceasingly. Presently she swung back the casement and stepped out into the pleasant night.

It was vain to resist that influence which drew her on down through the grounds to the gates where she had parted from him. With her dress gathered up from contact with the grassy borders, and all the nervous anxiety which possessed her applied to the one sense of listening for the faintest sound to herald his approach, she waifed.

A human step broke the stillness, and a soft sigh of disappointment wavered over her lips. She turned away, hesitated, and stood still as she recognized the step.

It was North who came in through the gate, and paused at seeing her.

"Miss Durand?" he asked, half in doubt. "It is I, North," she answered, with quick compassion stirring, for even in that dim light she could see how dejected and heart-sore he had grown. "How is poor Milly—have you seen her?"

"To-day, Miss! She's taking it badly; too quiet and subdued to bear up, I think. Oh, Miss Mirabel! she never yet guilty of that terrible crime—if you only would believe it!"

"I hear of sure of it, North. I was with her when we found the madame that night, and there was no guilt struggling with her great real grief. I don't know what to think—I am in a maze of perplexity and dismay. But I can not believe that Ross is in any way implicated, though they bring such dark suspicions to bear against her."

"Oh, bless you for so much as that," he cried, choking. "You're the first one of them all that hasn't turned against her. It puts heart into me to hope there'll be some way out of the trouble!"

"There must be. Surely—surely, the innocent will not be permitted to suffer. Hark! what is that?"

"I hear nothing."

She held up her hand warily, and bent forward her head to listen. For a moment the stillness of the night was broken only by the shrill chirp of insects, and then she distinguished the sound again before North's duller sense had caught it.

"A horse's hoofs thundering up the mountain-side. The crack-neck pace of a reckless rider; can it be Mr. Valere?"

"I never knew him to ride like that," said the clerk, apprehensively. "It's not safe up this rocky way; it's not him, or—" He broke off the sentence to throw the gate wide, and draw Mirabel from the track. He suspected what she did not as yet.

Shivering, she stood there, and nearer came the thunderous hoofs. They wavered aside, then sprung forward again; and the horse passed them like a flash.

A riderless horse, with rolling, fiery eyes, and foaming nostrils—that much they could see.

Mirabel stood still and mute, while one throes of fearful anguish convulsed her being. Then, with the calmness born of desperate necessity, she dropped her hand upon her companion's arm.

"Come with me; we must find him!"

North would have remonstrated, but she gave him no opportunity. She sped over the rugged road, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and taxied the utmost effort of the clerk to keep pace with her.

On at that mad rate for more than a mile. And then, with a sharp cry, Mirabel sprang ahead to fall by the side of a dark, motionless heap, in the dusty road.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

To be above dishonor is infinitely better than to be above want.

Zephyr Lutesford's Theft.

BY MRS. BELLE WILSON STAPPE.

"Oh, Zephyr, please do, now won't you? Just write to him this one time anyhow?" And Olive Weston looked up into her cousin's face with a look of earnest entreaty.

"No, Olive, I couldn't think for a moment of entering upon a correspondence with a perfect stranger; it would be doing myself just what I condemn in others."

"Zephyr Lutesford turned resolutely away from the pretty *papier-mâche* writing-table, that came gliding across the table toward her from under her cousin's hand.

"Pshaw! Zephyr!" said Olive, impatiently, "this would be nothing like corresponding with a stranger, and you ought to know it. I suppose you would place this upon the same footing that you would replying to one of those horrid solicitations for correspondence that we sometimes see in the newspapers. It's a different thing, altogether," she continued, convincingly: "we all know Brent Sheridan—he was at Fred's room-mate at college—has visited us at our house, and, as I said, we all know who he is and what he is; that he belongs to one of the best families, is of high social standing, and, besides, is handsome, wealthy, intelligent and worthy, and I see no reason in the world why you should not reply to this charming little missive he has sent you."

"I don't see how you could have ever made such a mistake about the letters, in the first place, Olive," said Zephyr, half turning toward her, evidently somewhat impressed by the argument she had listened to.

"Well, you know that afternoon, last week, that you went out shopping with mamma, you left the spicy little dissertation that you had written for Charlie's society paper lying here on the table for me to deliver when he should come in." But he came, as usual, all in a flutter, asked me if I knew Brent Sheridan's address, threw a letter on the stand begging me to put it in an envelope and direct it to the aforesaid gentleman, and was gone before I had time to think of anything else. I directed the envelope as he requested; callers were announced just then, and, in my hurry, I inclosed in it your manuscript instead of brother Charlie's letter, which I gathered up with other papers and thrust into my desk, before going to the parlor. It seems that Mr. Sheridan was so wonderfully struck by the style, spirit and diction of your effusion, which he received two days later, that he flew to Fred, in a high state of excitement to try and obtain some information in regard to the fair authoress. Of course, Fred recognized at once your handwriting, but merely told him that you were a cousin, now visiting me, refusing even to disclose your name without my permission; whereupon Mr. Sheridan dashed off this glowing, respectful epistle found inclosed in Fred's letter to yourself. So now, Zephyr, please do write to him, just to gratify me. You know you can use a *nom de plume* and he need never know who you are until you meet at my wedding next fall, when you will be first bridesmaid, and I first groomsman."

Her cousin picked up the letter and re-read the envelope in question. There was something in the manly, earnest tone breathed forth in the four brief pages, that appealed strangely to the refined, fastidious nature of this beautiful, brown-eyed, red-lipped Zephyr Lutesford, and, as Olive had said, it would not be at all like writing to a stranger—a man of whom she knew nothing—so after a moment more of hesitation, she seized the writing pen and wrote a hurried response signed with her own name, and left the gentleman at liberty to write again.

This was the commencement of a correspondence that continued throughout the whole long summer, and the opening of a new life to the man as well as to the girl.

Although no word or phrase betraying aught of more than friendly regard of either for the other ever crept into the letters of either, they were none the less lovers in thought and feeling.

With the coming of the first June roses, Zephyr's visits to her cousin Olive had expired, and she had gone from the throbbing heart of the great city, and the daily whirl of fashion and elegance, back to her quiet, far-away country home, and Brent Sheridan's letters had followed there, bringing with them a glow and brightness that swept all monotony from her somewhat lonely life, and carried a joyous thrill of inspiration into the performance of many duties that might otherwise have proved irksome tasks; while to him letters had gone like pure, sweet breezes wafted from the distant hills where lay her home, and oftentimes lifted him into a higher, fresher atmosphere far above the smoke and stir of the busy world around him.

So the time passed on until at last the golden autumn came, and, with the first winds of November, Zephyr's summons to officiate as bridesmaid at Olive Weston's wedding.

She was to go two weeks before the time. The morning for her departure had arrived; her great trunk stood strapped and waiting in the hall below, while she herself, attired in a traveling suit of some soft gray material, lingered for a moment before the mirror in her own apartment, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that a thrill of girlish pride swept through her heart as she gazed upon the faultlessly beautiful face and figure therein reflected; and she turned away with a warm flush on her cheek, questioning the while if she should satisfy Brent Sheridan's fancy, when the time for their first meeting arrived. Her father went with her to L——, the nearest town, and saw her safely aboard the train which would reach——city the same day at noon, where she would find the Weston carriage waiting at the depot.

There was a delay of half an hour at L—— for breakfast, and after her father left her the young girl glanced hastily around upon the few passengers remaining within the car where she was seated. There were only three persons besides herself; a fine-looking, neatly dressed old lady in gold-bowed spectacles, who occupied the third seat back of her, and two elderly gentlemen, sitting some distance in front, and busily engaged in reading the morning papers.

As she settled comfortably back at last to await the starting of the train, her eyes changed to rest upon a gentleman's traveling-case lying in the corner of the seat directly in front of her.

"Come with me; we must find him!"

North would have remonstrated, but she gave him no opportunity. She sped over the rugged road, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and taxied the utmost effort of the clerk to keep pace with her.

On at that mad rate for more than a mile. And then, with a sharp cry, Mirabel sprang ahead to fall by the side of a dark, motionless heap, in the dusty road.

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a bird's, whose natural language is song, and from it came quaint and touching old ballads, while the young man lay idly on the fragrant grass and tried to forget the world which had wearied him.

"Thank you, Apple-blossom," he said, rising, when she stopped.

"My name is Kate Heath," said the child, gravely.

"Is it? Well, I don't like Kate. I knew another Kate once, but she was not a good, true Kate, and I don't like her name. I shall call you Apple-blossom."

"And what shall I call you, sir?"

"Oh, anything nothing, what you like. But my name is Philip Carew. Come, shall we go up to the cottage?"

And that same night Philip Carew sat upon the rustic porch of the little cottage, and drew bewitching strains from his rare old violin, while the great, dusky eyes of the child beside him grew luminous with intense delight, as she listened.

Before many days he had taught her own tremulous fingers to draw a few strains from the magic bow, and many hours they spent together in their favorite pastime.

In this quiet country home Carew found rest. And sometimes, as he gazed through Kate's dark eyes into the innocent girl's heart beneath, he wondered if he was not learning over the sweet old lesson he had vowed never to learn again.

But, ah, she was so young! Not yet fourteen, while thirty summers had passed over his head. So young and so innocent! Philip Carew put a strong temptation behind him, and one day bid the child Kate an adieu which rung his heart no less than hers, and that was nearly broken.

KATE R. HEATH. June 30, 18—

That was the name written in a volume which Philip Carew, five years later, flung back upon the marble table at the Ocean House, his heart throbbing swifter than its well.

"Nonsense!" he muttered. "Five years could not work such a change. And yet, the resemblance is odd, too! And it is odd, too, that all the women I could ever have loved, should be 'Kates'!"

He turned to look at this Kate who came slowly up the walk with her proud mien, the dusky braids of hair drooping low on her graceful neck, the scarlet shawl trailing like a streak of vivid flame down her white dress, and knew that here, indeed, his mind had centered itself, and that his love for the Kate who had deceived him, and for the child Kate who had sung to him, vanished before his love for this Kate, whom he had known but one short month.

He had no hope that she, proud, rich, beautiful, caressed by a whole circle, would care for the love of a world-worn and world-weary man, who could offer little besides a true heart, therefore he kept his secret hid in his own breast.

But one evening, when the golden summer was almost fled, they walked on the beach together, and somehow drifted back to the past.

"Miss Heath," said Carew, "do you know I have sometimes a fancy that I knew you five years ago?"

"Five years ago?" she dreamily repeated. "Well, I, too, could tell a story of five years ago."

"Please tell it."

There was suppressed eagerness in his tone which moved her to speak.

"Five years ago," she said, in the same dreamy tone, "a little girl sat under an old apple tree singing, when a fairy prince came wandering by. He was pleased with her music, and so he stayed awhile and petted her and made her happy. But after awhile he went away and left her."

"But he carried her child-image in his hearts of hearts wherever he went," said Carew, eagerly, his tones deep with intensity of feeling; "he never lost it or turned from it, and when he met the child again, glorified and beautified into a noble, true-hearted woman, his heart bowed down and called her queen even before he knew he owed her his allegiance! Oh, tell me, did little Apple-blossom miss her friend when he left her because he dared not stay?"

"She missed him sadly. She mourned for him. She longed to find him."

"And now that she has found him, need he leave her again?" Carew bent low, every feature of his face kindling with strong emotion, and waited her answer.

And, raising her clear eyes to his gaze, neither afraid nor ashamed, she gave it.

"Never, unless he wills it so."

"Then he never will leave her! She is his own as he is hers, forever and forever! My Kate, my love, my lost Apple-blossom, come to the heart which loves you, and Heaven deal with me as I deal with you, my Kate, my bride, my wife!"

Mohenesto:
OR,
Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE)

XIV.—Freemasonry Among the Indians.—Objections Answered. Thay-en-den-eqa.—Where I Found a Real Indian.—The Slave Servants.—A Visit from the Perines.—The Slave Sign.—New-found Friends.—A Visit to the Perine Indians.—The Indian Lodge-room.—The Ceremony of Initiation.—The Lesson of Fidelity.—The Lecture.—Ancient Monuments.—Blue-eyed Indians.

THERE has been a great deal of speculation as to the extent of the mysteries of Freemasonry among the Indian tribes of the American continent, and I have long thought that it is desirable that the present generation of American Masons should settle the question, as to whether certain Indian rites and ceremonies are based upon Masonry; and also, that they should know to what extent it exists. Having had an experience in that direction, which I venture to assert has fallen to the lot of very few, if any, living person, I deem it my duty in this connection, to give the result of my personal observations. I have met with very many Masons in the States, who have, sometime or other, been across the plains to California, or even gone over the trail from the Missouri river to Oregon, in company with perhaps a hundred others, when danger from the Indians was utterly impossible on account of inferior numbers. They assert that they never saw any thing of the kind among the Indians, and so are firm in their convictions that there is no such thing there. What their opinions may be worth, I do not know, neither do I care, for there is abundant proof of every incident to which I may have occasion to refer.

My readers will understand that by Indian "ceremonies," I do not refer to the

useless jargon with which their medicine-men accompany their manipulations over a sick Indian; but those rites and ceremonies which not only bear such a striking resemblance to those of Freemasonry as to leave no room to doubt the identity of the two associations, and the possession of which has time and again been the means of saving precious lives.

The Indian association is known as *Manlo-la-Nitcha*; signifying in the English language, the *faith of the fathers*. Were the circumstances of resemblance between the Indian ceremonies and those of American Masonry, either few or fanciful, the similarity might have been merely causal; but, when the nature, the object, and the external forms of two associations are so much alike, the arguments for their identity must be something more than presumptive.

There is one point, however, which at first sight may seem to militate against this supposition. None of the present race of Indians are in any shape connected with architecture, nor addicted to those sciences and pursuits which are subsidiary to the labors of the architect; but this can not possibly affect the hypothesis I maintain, for there have been, still are, and probably always will be, many associations of Freemasons who have not an architect among their members, and which have no connection whatever with the art of building. At present we have no possible way of determining whether the Indian tribes who inhabited this continent in the days of the old Norsemen were in possession of the plumb, the level, and the square, wherewith to make a perfect ashlar; but of this we may be pretty positive—that perfect ashlers were made by the race of whom the present American Indians are the lineal descendants, and that there were not only operative Masons but speculative Masons as well.

Since my return to civilization I have not met with a single person who has spent any considerable part of their lives among the Indians, who deny the existence, among nearly all the tribes, of secret associations. There are some, however, who assert that such is not the case, and even that it would be impossible, from the nature of the Indian himself. In all probability, these unbelievers never looked for it, or failed to look in the right direction. I assert in all sincerity—and am prepared to furnish the proof—that with few exceptions, this institution exists among every tribe of Indians from the Mississippi river to the Sierra Nevadas, and from the Arctic Circle to the Isthmus of Panama.

It is not necessary to go so far west as the Rocky Mountains to find Indian Freemasons. Among the remnants of Indian tribes in the State of Maine there are many Indian Masons, as can be found to the satisfaction of any who will take the trouble to inquire. I have the authority of R. H. Walworth, once Chancellor of New York, for the fact that the chief of the St. Regis tribe of Indians was in possession of exactly such ceremonies as are performed by the Mandans, Blackfeet, Perines, and others. Another instance, with which many of my readers are doubtless familiar, is that of Joseph Brandt, whose Indian name was Thay-en-den-eqa; chief of the famous Six Nations, and one of the most celebrated Indian chiefs connected with our independence. He was a Freemason, and was present and assisted at the opening of Barton Lodge, in Hamilton, Canada West, in the year 1796. He was initiated in London, England, in 1776. He died, I believe, at some place near Wellington Square, in Upper Canada, in November, 1807. His son became a distinguished member of the Masonic order, and the name of Brother John Brandt is connected with very many important events in Canadian Masonry; and I am credibly informed that a grandson of the great chief who, seventy-four years ago, assisted at the opening of Barton Lodge, now (1869) sits as Master in her East.

In justice to the unbelievers in Indian Freemasonry, I will admit that my knowledge of the Indian ceremonies did not come to me; on the contrary, I was obliged to look for it.

The first instance that came under my observation was while stationed at a post about one hundred miles east of Fort Concho. This fort is situated at the extreme northern end of Great Bear Lake, and beyond the Arctic circle; and the trading-post where I first had the honor of serving the "company" was the principal one to furnish the goods and receive the peltries of the Hare Indians.

On a small stream, buried in an almost impenetrable forest, was the little blockhouse, half fort, half *tepee*, where I was destined to pass many a lonely hour. The half-breeding couple who were furnished me for servants were certainly the worst specimens of the genus *homo*; it was ever my luck to meet. The Indian was old enough to "dry up and blow away," while his squaw was the embodiment of all the meanness that ever blessed this earth. Old and toothless, garrulous and mighty uncertain in her temper, she was an exception to all other Indian wives, in that she was the lord and master. It would have been like mama to the souls of Miss Anthony, or Anna Dickinson, could they have seen the way in which this old Xantippe asserted her rights—a way more forcible than elegant. The business of the Indian was to furnish the meat and wood, and that of "old amiable," his wife, to cook. The old factor who made the selection must have had some queer ideas of society when he sent me this mismatched couple. I had not entirely outgrown the dainty tastes acquired in a luxurious home in the far-away city of Portland, and after the first meal at the hands of my Indian cook, I resolved myself into a "committee of one," and decided that my stomach would not stand the pressure. So I let them attend to their own domestic arrangements, and took upon myself the responsibility of being my own steward and cook. At the expiration of the first year, when the voyageurs came with the annual outfit of stores, I made my old friends a few presents, and bidding them *bon voyage*, sent them back to their tribe. About the only benefit I ever derived from them was to make myself proficient in their language. Thereafter I was monarch of all I surveyed, and seldom had company "to tea," except when some more intelligent one came along, I would induce him to remain awhile for company. The post was a new one, and had never been visited by a whole tribe previous to my advent among them.

One morning, nearly six months after I had taken possession, I was awakened by hearing a succession of whoops and yells, and after dressing myself, and wondering

what I would do if a tribe of hostile Indians were to make a raid on my "store," I opened the door and was greeted with another whoop, louder and more prolonged than the first. I knew it was not a war-cry, so was not alarmed at the appearance of the six hundred Hare Indians—men, women and children—who met my gaze. They stood in the little clearing that had been made in front of the store-house, a motley group, and one it were more pleasant to meet in peace than in anger.

The head chief, a splendidly-formed Indian, about forty years of age, stepped forward a few paces, and addressed me in the dialect of the Hares; but, as it was entirely different from the language spoken by the Perines or Esquimaux, I was obliged to place my finger upon my lips, and shaking my head, signify as well as words could have done, that I did not understand what he was saying. Immediately he began giving signs; making first the sign of his tribe, which only elicited another shake of the head from me. He then commenced a regular pantomime, giving in rapid succession more signs than I had ever seen before—all meeting the same response from me—a quiet shake of the head. After waiting a few minutes, during which not a move was made on either side, he gave, slowly and with much emphasis, a sign, or rather combination of signs, among which I recognized one I had never seen given before, except around the Masonic altar.

Instantly all the stories I had ever heard of a secret organization existing among the Indians, flashed across my mind, and to try an experiment, more than any thing else, I gave first the sign of an *apprentice* Mason, and then, in their regular order, the signs of the first seven degrees in American Masonry. An expression of pleasure lit up the features of the dusky chief, and he immediately left the throng and meeting me half-way, presented his hand, and I knew that, though a red skin covered his heart, he was my brother. During the next two weeks was busy trading with this tribe, which having completed, they all took their departure for their village, with the exception of the chief, whose acquaintance, so singularly commended, I was loth to break off so suddenly.

During the time my new-found friend remained with me, I improved my time in acquiring his language, and also what I could of Indian Freemasonry. When he left he gave me a very cordial invitation to visit him and his tribe at their village, about fifty miles north-west of Congeacalhawachaga Lake. In the course of time, I did make him a visit, remaining nearly two weeks with the tribe, by whom I was treated with the greatest respect and deference. During my stay with them I was invited to, and did attend a meeting of their secret order. Their meetings were held in a large cave, situated about half a mile from the village. This cave was fitted up in a very comfortable style, being carpeted with buffalo robes, fancifully figured, with great piles of the same material for seats. The cave—or, as I called it, the lodge-room—was about thirty feet square, very regular in its shape, high and airy. In the center of the room was a solid column, or altar of stone, triangular in form at the top, upon which rested a human skull: within which was a living rattlesnake, whose fangs had been extracted, but which invariably sounded the rattle whenever the skull was disturbed.

As good luck would have it, the order had a candidate in waiting for initiation upon this occasion, and I had the pleasure of witnessing, for the first time, the conferring of their rite, or degree. In each corner of the room was a tall lamp, carved from pipe-stone, and filled with the fat or tallow of deer or bear, in which was fixed a strip of fibrous bark of the willow, which served as a wick and when lighted they furnished sufficient illumination for all purposes. They have a guard, or officer, corresponding to that of *Tyler* in Masonic lodges, and whose duties are the same. The officers are three in number, and each one does his share of the "work." Their seats were arranged in the form of a triangle around the altar, and the officers stations were at each angle of the triangle; the head officer occupying the corner facing the candidate. The preparation of the candidate is simple; he being dressed as he came into the world, after which he is caused to kneel on both naked knees at the altar, placing his hands, one upon each side of, and grasping, the skull. Immediately the occupant of the skull sounded his alarm, and the candidate being blindfolded, would start back, with an expression of fear, only to be returned to the same position again. This part of the ceremony is performed in perfect silence, no word being spoken by any present. After the candidate has acquired sufficient control of his nerves as to be able to retain his position by the altar, he is then taught his first lesson, which is *confidence* and *fraternalism*: and it is unnecessary to say, that the confidence is perfect and entire, and no power on earth can ever change or remove it. The talk, or *lecture*, which follows this ceremony is very solemn, and occupies about an hour in its delivery. It refers more especially to the erection of a new and magnificent "conch-house," which is the traditional abode of all those who preserve their confidence in their fellows; who strive to subdue those passions which mark the downfall of all Indian tribes; who are faithful to the trust reposed in them.

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man knoweth the beginning or the end. In Arizona is to be seen a perfect aqueduct, miles in length, and the ruins of what must once have been a large and populous city.

I have never heard of a satisfactory theory advanced of the origin of the Indians themselves, and the question will probably never be solved, unless, indeed, they are the lost tribes of Israel.¹ More than one Indian tribe in America speaks a language decidedly Welsh in its construction. Many of the members of these tribes have *large blue eyes* and *light curly hair*. I have seen, among the descendants of Montezuma, Indians with white skins as the Caucasians race, and who claim to have had their origin beyond the great ocean. But I am perfectly willing to leave the vexed question of the origin of the Indians to older and wiser heads. It is not the author's object, at present, to enter into an extended disquisition on this subject, but rather to offer to the world some of the most interesting Indian traits, and phases of Indian character, of which he knows and to which he can testify.

(To be continued—concluded in No. 129.)

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A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY JON JOT. JR.

A hundred years ago, John,
We couldn't run a bit,
And now we are not slow, John,
We just git up and git.
Things is what they used to were,
For us is change you know,
Since when we were two infant boys,
A hundred years ago.

We have some hair upon our heads;
We didn't have much then;
We chew tobacco like the rest,
And think that we are men.
We hardly thought we'd live as long,
And never cease to grow,
When we were on G. W.'s lap,
A hundred years ago.

We do our day's work at the plow,
Which then we couldn't do;
We sowing a very vigorous ax
Where'er we hew; a
We fire a thousand young men out
In losing of our row,
And none would think that we were boys
A hundred years ago.

We never had a doctor, John,
Nor stopped our liquor, John,
We never caught the measles, John,
The mumps we did not take.
Three undertakers long have died
Who learned to box us so,
But we are hearty as we were
A hundred years ago.

We never wore a pair of spec's,
Nor stopped our liquor, John,
We take a swim in the regular,
And yet we still live on.
And printers have this paragraph—
"There are but two we know
Now living, who were little boys
A hundred years ago."

But sure we feel as lively, John,
As any one can feel
At this our great dance as well
And when we take the swinging scythe,
There is no one can show
Such speed as we, who once were boys,
A hundred years ago.

We've only just begun to be
In manhood's action prime,
And up the ladders of our life
We're just beginning to climb.
The future's all before us, John,
We've scarce begun to grow,
It isn't half a century since
A hundred years ago.

On a hundred years ago!
The editors, I'm told,
Are telling to the world at large
That we are getting on.
They say we'll live to twice our years,
They can't see why or how—
I wonder what they'll say of us
A hundred years from now!

Walraven's Wooing:
OR,
THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"You will do any thing for this hand, Warren?"

"Any thing, Edna. Tell me that it shall be mine, if I follow your maid and throttle her; and see how soon there will be a pallid face and a brace of staring eyes in this house."

The speaker spoke passionately, and pressed the snowy hand which had dropped into his.

"I do not desire the throttling of my maid," said the beautiful woman, with a smile. "God forbid that I should hate Marcie, who has been so kind to me. But, I do hate—"

She suddenly paused, withdrew her hand to clench it, and looked with eyes aglow with hatred into her companion's face.

"Whom do you hate, Edna?"

"A man who must be hurled from my sight, and you have just declared that you would do any thing for my hand."

"And I repeat that declaration," said the man, Warren Walraven.

"Then, through you I strike the man I hate!" she cried, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes. "When you have hurled that man from my path this hand becomes yours."

The man caught up the dimpled member with an eagerness that wreathed the beauty's lips with smiles, and she permitted him to cover it with kisses.

"For this snowy hand I will remove forever from your sight the man you hate," he cried, looking into her face. "Now breathe his name."

"Rodney Chalfant."

"No, not Rodney Chalfant!" cried Walraven, almost starting from the chair. "You can not hate him, girl—Edna."

"I do hate him as the jungle tigress hates the dark-skinned robber of her whelps" and the speaker rose and stood over her lover with clenched hands and grating teeth. "I have uttered the right name. He must die! But why do you start, Warren? Is he more to you than any other man?"

"He is," said Walraven. "When we were boys we played together, as I may have told you are this hour, and one day he saved my life. Should I not love him, and do I not owe him a life?"

"I care not if you owe him a thousand lives!" cried the angry woman, as she towered above the man who gazed up at her with a pale face. "He has crossed your path, how or when does not matter to you, Warren, and through him I will make a trial of your love."

"No, Edna, do not ask me to kill him—the preserver of my life!"

"Then henceforward we are strangers," said the woman, changing her tone, and throwing her glance to the richly curtained window. "I thought you loved me, Warren Walraven, and I did not know that you could forget your words so easily. I must hunt another champion now."

An instant later the handsome man was at her side, and his arm stole gently around her slender waist.

"Forgive me, Edna," he said, softly. "For this hand I will do any thing, heaven help me!"

She turned upon him quickly.

"Then you will—"

"I will kill him!"

The words were clothed in determined bitterness, and proclaimed how passionately he adored the vengeful seraph at his side.

"Hist! not so loud, Warren," she whispered, touching her coral lips. "Marcie might hear thee, and she is his niece."

Now you are my champion; now I know that you love me. Here, Warren, is the prize I offer for your work" and she slipped her hand into his palm. "Now, let the viper that has stung me be thrown from my path this night."

"It shall be done! For your hand, girl,

I would, if it possible, descend to Pluto's infernal abode and unchain his Cerberian sentinel. Rodney Chalfant, I hate you because you are the enemy of the angel I love. I have forgotten the past, and to-night I

shall drain the cup of oblivion concerning the future. Farewell, Edna."

She allowed him to draw her lips to his, and a moment later Edna Forrester was alone.

Now she would be revenged on the man whom she had failed to draw to her side by her imperious beauty, and Cleopatran wiles. He would not become her Antony, and for this, with all the bitterness of a scorned woman's heart, she hated him. And when she saw a fair young girl—a golden-haired lass, as pure as beautiful—receive the token of true love from Rodney Chalfant, her hatred grew fiercer, and she swore that he should die. Then she sought her Antony, nor sought him long.

Warren Walraven was willing to fall before her with protestations of love, and to him, with vengeance-brooding heart, she listened. She seemed to forget the suspicions which the people of that mountain-locked Pennsylvania town attached to his name; she wanted him for a purpose, and at last that purpose was on the eve of accomplishment.

When Walraven left her presence she stepped to the richly carved piano, and her tapering fingers swept the keys in the lively waltzes she had played for many a long day.

And while she played she could not but think of the infatuated man who had sold his happiness for the hand of a haughty woman who did not love him!

The night that followed fast upon Edna Forrester's pledge was dark and tempestuous. With the going down of the sun the storming left his throne, and at the hour of ten the elemental battle still raged. Now and then there was a still in the conflict, and when at last the rain ceased, the gleaming lightning revealed two men standing upon the very edge of a precipice, gazing, not upon the muddy torrent that roared far beneath them, but into each other's faces.

They were men in the springtime of life, and strikingly handsome; but in the eyes of one the light of murder gleamed, and his hands were clenched at his sides while he spoke.

"I'll tell you why I brought you here,



By his side stood the wild and half-naked figure of a boy, and before the apparition could vanish, Walraven had clutched the boy's arm.

"Curse you, Wild Tom!" he cried. "You've seen too much! You've dogged my steps before, and I'll rid these mountains of their crazy ghost. Now go and follow the dog I have just sent to his everlasting kennel!"

The wild youth laughed maniacally as the murderer hurled him from the cliff, and as Walraven rushed from the scene of his crime, that dying ephemeris—for such it seemed to be—rung in his ears like a prophecy concerning that dark night's work.

To-morrow night I reap my reward, and then I leave these ghostly rocks which have swarmed with phantoms since that stormy night. Yes, when the clock strikes ten to-morrow night, I become the possessor of Edna Forrester's hand, and when the Avalanche sails from New York, she will bear two happy souls to the shadeless land of Italy. And I have not toiled in vain! and to-night I dismiss my band!"

Thus spake Warren Walraven one night—near a fortnight subsequent to the thrilling scenes just described—as he hurried down a gloomy defile among the mountains, not a great distance from Edna Forrester's home. He had donned the fashionable clothes which he wore among the townspeople, and was clad in a suit of common gray. And the handsome beard which covered his face in society had entirely disappeared.

Suddenly he heard the sound of flying footsteps, and darted into a cave with a low cry of fear.

"Who can it be?" he whispered, and he fastened his eyes upon the moonlight that streamed into the cavern.

"I would—Merciful God!" and he shrank back with a startling cry as a frightful apparition flitted before his eyes.

"The dead lives! the crazy dead!" and, scarcely comprehending his own actions, he rushed wildly from the cave in the wake of the phantom.

That ghost was clad in the rags of Wild Tom, and he saw it flying before him.

light-chestnut hair, queenly form, and such a voice and laugh as would set even a serious man, one of the heavy-weights, to dancing away like an elephant.

Captain Barker fell in love with her, and married her before his vessel was ready to sail. She was to leave her uncle and go with her husband to America, which was to be her future residence.

To facilitate his passage home, the captain resolved to ship five or six more men.

White seamen were scarce in Calcutta, at that time, so he took up with six dark-skinned fellows—three Malays and three Lascars, who, though they understood English imperfectly, he practiced eye told him were good sailors. The rest of his crew, composed of ten men, were Americans. After getting under way, Captain Barker noticed that the newly-shipped men had little to say to the whites.

An old sailor came aft one day and told the captain that he thought he could recognize in one of the Malays—a tall, dark-looking fellow with frowning brow and small, fierce eyes, the chief of a pirate crew, which several years before, had attacked a merchant vessel, aboard which he was then fourth-mate.

"Are you sure?" inquired the captain.

"No," answered old Bill, "I'm not *sure*, sir, but then, on 'tother hand, his figger-head is mighty like that shark's."

"What was his name?"

"Captain Tinkettle, sir!"

"An odd name, Bill. This man's name is Bukalo."

Bill looked puzzled, and said no more, although it struck him that the fellow might possibly have given a false name.

To slander a shipmate, however, was against Bill's principles, and so, as he might be mistaken, he went forward without another word.

Occasionally when walking his quarter-deck, from day to day, Barker noticed that the islanders stood in a knot by themselves, conversing in low tones. As this, however, was a common practice with islanders, it failed to excite the captain's suspicion.

One day the vessel was running along before a good breeze.

The men, with the exception of the man

Toward the boom he glanced, but he was too late. One of the Lascars below crawled upon it, and there sat astraddle, knife in hand, thus cutting off his retreat in this direction.

The other Malay, who had followed hanging upon the main-topmast stay.

The captain was a brave man, but he shuddered at the gloomy aspect.

The two Lascars below had climbed up, and were creeping toward him, along the main-topmast yard, knife in hand, so that unarmed as he was, he believed he could only escape the deadly blows of the mutineers by dropping into the sea, and suffering a lingering death.

He glanced quickly round him. No sail was in sight—he would not be picked up—he must give up that idea of going overboard.

Nearer drew the Lascars every moment, their frowning brows, gleaming eyes, and uplifted knives showing their deadly purpose—that when they struck they would strike home.

They were already within two feet of the captain, when, in one brief instant, a sudden thought flashed on his mind.

Hemmed in as he was, there was yet one means of escape left him—a perilous one—but which he resolved to risk, under the circumstances. Hauling taut the studding-sail halliard rope, of which he still retained his hold, he prepared to do what few men would have attempted—to swing himself by the top-gallant studding-sail haliards from the main to the fore-topsail yard—that is to say, from the mast near the stern to the mast forward. The peril of such an undertaking may be understood, when it is stated that the rope was an old one—the strands having given way in many places—and that it was for this reason it had just been unrove, to give place to a new one.

Moreover, should it even prove strong enough to carry the weight of the captain to the opposite yard, yet the chances were many that the man's velocity would be so swift that he would be unable to catch the yard with his feet, and, if carried beyond it, he was sure the rope, from chafing against the top-gallant yard above, would break!

Still he resolved to run the risk; so, just as the foremost Lascar was about dealing the fatal blow, he let himself fly clear of the yard!

Like a shot he was borne toward the fore-topsail yard opposite. He endeavored to stay his course, but he was carried too high above the yard, so that only his feet touched it!

He prepared himself for his fate, as he was carried beyond the yard. The strands creaked ominously—then as the return oscillation took place, there was a loud snap, and the rope broke just as his feet touched the top of the yard!

Awake he went, but, with a seaman's instinct, closing his knees, and throwing out his hands, down he came, on "all fours," safely, though violently "landing" on top of the yard.

Quick as lightning he darted inboard, and descending to the deck by means of the stay, he unfastened the forecastle scuttle, shouting, "Ahoy, men! up to the rescue!"

The ten Americans, having, when the hatches were fastened over them, suspected mutiny, had armed themselves with axes, crowbars, hatchets, etc., taken from the tool-chest below, so that they at once came up, prepared for conflict.

But the overawed islanders showed no resistance. They came down, and at once surrendered themselves. The captain then released from the companionway his wife, who was glad enough to see him safe and well.

When questioned, under the muzzle of a pistol, Bukalo said he had intended, after killing the captain, to get the guns out of the cabin, shoot all the white men, make Mrs. Barker his wife and slave, and take possession of the brig. When asked if his name was not an assumed one, he confessed it was, his real one being Tinkerlico, which Bill, as we have seen, had shortened into Tinkettle.

A few months later the vessel arrived home, when the mutineers were dealt with according to law.

Since then Barker has met with many very narrow escapes, but none have proved so trying and hazardous as did that perilous swing for life.

Beat Time's Notes.

MY NEW ARITHMETIC.

If seven days make one week, how many days will it take to make one strong?

If four quarters make one hundred-weight, how many hundred will wait for sixteen quarters?

If twelve dozen make one gross, how many dozen will make one grocer?

If forty square rods make one rood, how many rods will make one civil?

If sixteen drams make one ounce, how many drams will make one drunk?

Twenty-four cats, with or without mustaches, minus sixteen tails, equals how many?

If four and a half men eat five and three-quarters dishes of ice-cream in twenty minutes, how long will it take them to pay for them, provided they tell them they'll settle when they call again?

A boy's uncle gave him six cents, his aunt gave him five, and his father gave him an awful licking. Add these up.

How many quarts of vinegar, at ten cents a quart, will it take to go in a sieve, provided you have plenty of leisure?

In a family were ten children. One-half of them knew nothing and the other half didn't. How many of each?

If two cabbages are worth ten cents a dozen when four is three feet high, how many molasses, at four cents a yard, will it take to buy ten pints of calico, provided ten cents are worth a dime and it don't rain and there is no bad luck?

A mare bought a horse for one hundred dollars and sold another fellow to him for sixty dollars: please gainsay what his gain was again.

What are a dozen eggs worth that are bad and nothing else the matter with them?

What is the rule for finding the contents of a spherical triangular parallelogram?

How many handfuls of cast-iron stoves at twenty cents a peck can be purchased with